NEW AVENGERS®

LEINIL CURIEL

ALL-NEW MARVEL NOW!

HICKMAN
MORALES
MARTIN

017

PREVIOUSLY IN

THE GREAT SOCIETY

BOUNDLESS

DR. SPECTRUM

SUN GOD

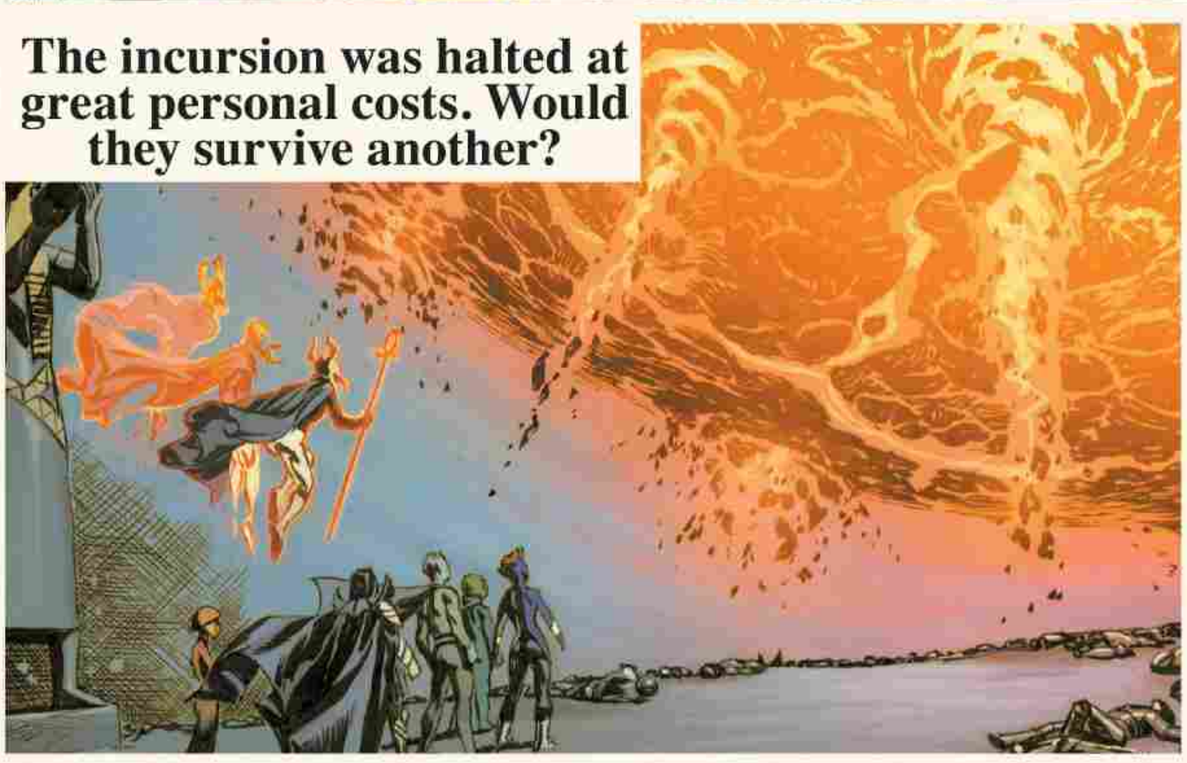
THE RIDER

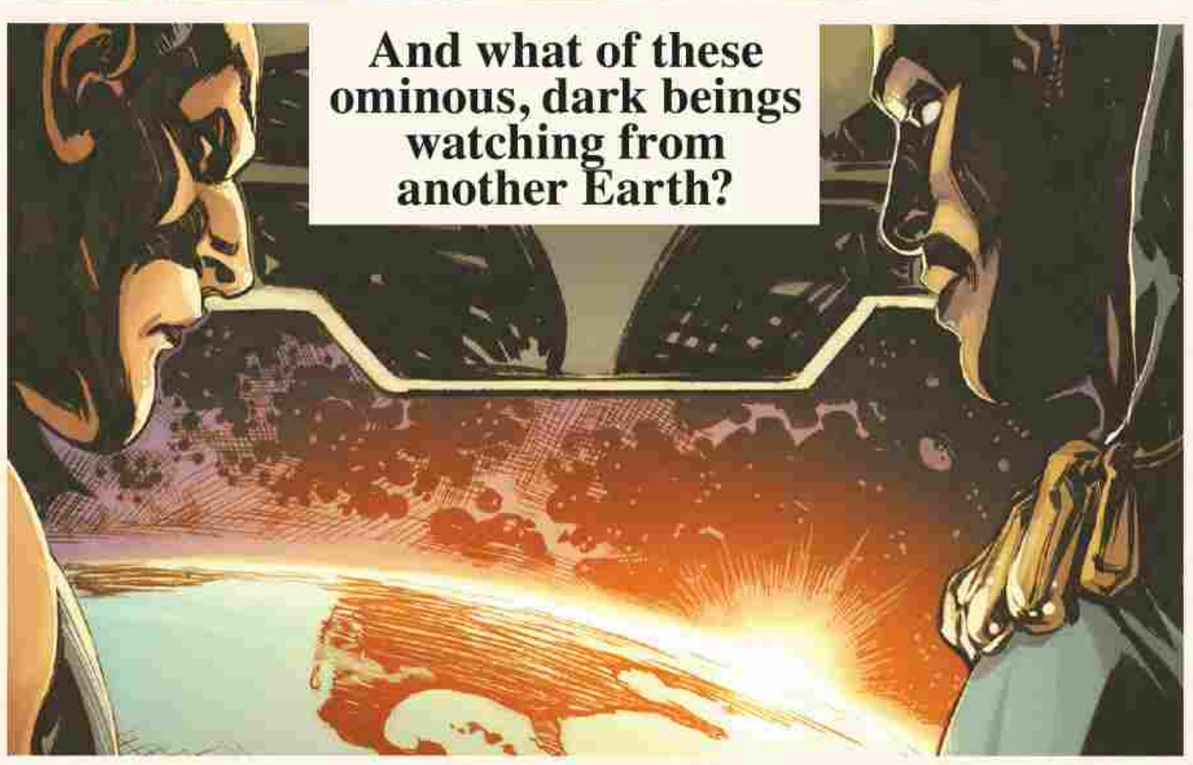
THE JOVIAN

THE NORN

EVERYTHING LIVES.
IT LIVES BEFORE IT DIES, AND WE ARE JUDGED BY WHAT WE DO DURING THAT TIME. SO WE WILL NOT TOLERATE--WE CANNOT *ACCEPT*--THE UNNATURAL OCCURRENCE OF AN EARLY END. WHICH IS WHY I'VE SUMMONED YOU HERE...
TO BEAT BACK THE NIGHT... AND TO CONQUER DEATH.

And so THE GREAT SOCIETY--six heroes of the ANTI-HEROIC AGE, outcasts all--banded together to repel the planetary incursions.





“A PERFECT WORLD II”

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KRABOOOOM

THE GREATER EGYPTIAN EMPIRE. EARTH-4,290,001.

INCURSION.

UHHHH....

IT'S DONE... THE DEAD WORLD IS DESTROYED...

AND AT GREAT COST... BUT IT'S... IT'S...

HEY, IT'S OKAY.

YOU DID MORE THAN ENOUGH.

I'M PUTTING YOU IN STASIS TO HEAL.

THE NORN HAS SACRIFICED BOTH OF THE PARALLEL LIVES HE SUMMONED FROM ALL HIS POTENTIAL FUTURES...

LIVES ONLY CREATED FROM FUTURE CHOICES HE WOULD MAKE. I WEEP FOR THE LIFE HE IS NOW FORCED TO LIVE.

NO, STOP... NO STASIS...

YOU...YOU DON'T UNDERSTAND. I WAS...TOO LATE. THE DEAD WORLD WAS TOO LOW...

LET'S BE HONEST, JOVIAN.

FUTURE PLANS-- ANY OF THEM--ARE A LUXURY WE JUST DON'T HAVE.

THE REMAINS WERE CAUGHT ON OUR SIDE WHEN THE INCURSION WALL COLLAPSED.

I...FAILED... AND THE SIDERA MARIS WERE SUCCESSFUL...

OH, NO.

BZZTT!

WOR...

BZZTT!

WORLD.

BZZTT!

MAPPED.

FWASSH!

NEW WORLDS.

NEVER ENOUGH WORLDS.

INCURSION POINT ANALYSIS?

THREAT LEVEL: ASSESSING...

POSTHUMAN DENSITY: ELEVATED.

CATALOGING...

MAPMAKERS! FOUR OF THEM!

BOUNDLESS! QUICKLY, BEFORE THEY CAN ADAPT AND--

ALREADY.

ON IT.

BOSS.

ADAPTATION OCCURS...

...IN THE CENTRAL A.I.

IF I CAN ACCESS IT...

...BEFORE IT CAN--

GOT IT! ONE DOWN... THREE TO--

AIEEE!

INITIAL THREAT CONTAINED.

PROCEED TO SECONDARY TARGETS--ENGAGE BY THREAT PRIORITIES.

THEY'RE *ADAPTING!*

ENGAGING MEGAMORPH--ESTIMATING SINGLE UNIT SUFFICIENT.

ENGAGE TERTIARY TARGETS.

IN OUR PREVIOUS ENCOUNTER WITH THE MAPMAKERS, THEY SHOWED LETHAL ADAPTABILITY WHEN FIGHTING JUST ONE OR TWO PEOPLE.

IF THE JOVIAN CAN HOLD, THEN YOU, ME AND--

NO, WAYNE... THE NORN AND BOUNDLESS ARE DOWN. I DON'T HAVE A CHOICE THIS TIME.

SPECTRUM... CAN YOU PROTECT THE OTHERS?

I'M MUCH STRONGER IN A PASSIVE STATE-- MY SHIELDS WILL HOLD.

JOVIAN!

ASSESSING...

ANOMALY.

POST-UNIVERSAL.

ALERT! SUMMON THE HOST! SUMMON ALL MAPMA--

NO. YOU WON'T BE DOING THAT.

ALREADY READING YOUR MIND, ZORAN.

I'VE GOT BOUNDLESS.

HEEYYYY, THANKSSSS...

NOT THIS DAY...

CONTACT...

FAILURE...

BZZTT!

HOST...

...AS THE DAY BELONGS TO ME!

HOWEVER LONG THAT MIGHT LAST.

MY GOD, ZORAN. ARE YOU..?

I'M GOOD. TIRED, BUT... GOOD.

ARE ALL OF YOU OKAY?

A LITTLE SUNBURNT...BUT SPECTRUM'S SHIELD HELD. YOU DID IT... WE WON.

NO. WE DIDN'T.

IT'S NOT OVER.

IT'S JUST BEGINNING...

THE FORCES OF ORDER ARE IN *CHAOS*... AGAIN.

THE WORLD *ONCE AGAIN* IS IN... ALIGNMENT.

THERE'S *ANOTHER* INCURSION BEGINNING.

ANOTHER ONE?

OKAY. TAKE A MOMENT. TAKE A DEEP BREATH.

IS IT BAD? YES. DO WE GIVE--

GIVE UP? IT'S NOT *GIVING UP* IF YOU DON'T HAVE ANYTHING LEFT.

LOOK AROUND. THE NORN IS AT HALF STRENGTH--*AT BEST*, AFTER ALL THIS. BOUNDLESS NEEDS TO BE CHECKED OUT--

I'M FINE. WE'LL ALL BE FINE.

NO. YOU'RE NOT.

AND NO. WE WON'T.

WHAT DO YOU THINK IS GOING TO HAPPEN IF WE HAVE TO FACE *BLACK PRIESTS* THIS TIME?

MY GOD, WHAT IF IT'S AN *IVORY KING?* WHAT THEN?

WHAT EXACTLY ARE WE GOING TO DO?

WHAT DO WE DO, WAYNE? IT'S SIMPLE, REALLY.

WE DO THE SAME THING WE'VE ALWAYS DONE...

WE FIGHT ON UNTIL WE CAN'T FIGHT ANYMORE.

WHAT IF IT'S NOT ENOUGH?

THEN WE FALL.

AND THAT'S ALL THERE'S EVER BEEN TO IT.

ARE YOU NOT WILLING TO DIE FOR YOUR WORLD?

BECAUSE I AM.

BECAUSE I AM.

ANOTHER INCURSION...

IN THE END, UNLESS WE FIND THE CAUSE BEHIND THEM, THIS IS WHAT WE'LL FALL TO AS WELL... ATTRITION.

YES. I SUPPOSE ATTRITION IS SOMETHING ONE MIGHT WAGER ON...

ANOTHER MIGHT BE *BLIND, NECROMANTIC PRIESTS.* AND YET ANOTHER MIGHT BY *GENOCIDAL CARTOGRAPHERS...*

WHO CAN SAY, REALLY?

MYSELF, I'M TORN. PULLED ASUNDER BY ALL THE POSSIBILITIES.

YOU SHOULDN'T LOOK AT ME LIKE THAT, T'CHALLA.

ONE OF THESE DAYS I'M GOING TO TAKE IT PERSONALLY.

BUT UNTIL I DO...

THIS IS CONSIDERED THE FINEST OF ATLANTEAN WINES.

LIKE SHARDS OF LIGHT FROM THE SURFACE, IT IS *PERFECTION*.

SO WE HAVE TO DRINK IT, NO?

HOW DO YOU DO IT, NAMOR?

HOW DO YOU BURY THE PART OF YOU THAT WAS GOOD AND NOBLE SO DEEP THAT ALL THAT REMAINS IS THIS?

SOME SHELL OF THE MAN YOU USED TO BE.

"LOOK AT THEM, T'CHALLA--FLYING OFF TO SAVE THE UNSAVEABLE."

THE GOOD AND NOBLE, WARRING AGAINST THE INEVITABLE. IS THAT US? IS THAT WHAT YOU THINK *WE* ARE?

YOU MIGHT HAVE BEEN RIGHT AT ONE TIME. MAYBE I *WAS* THAT MAN ONCE. MAYBE YOU WERE AS WELL.

BUT THEN WE BOTH LOST OUR PEOPLE, AND OUR KINGDOMS CRUMBLED. EVEN NOW, WHILE WE DO WHAT WE MUST TO KEEP THE THINGS WE LOVE ALIVE, WE BECOME EVERYTHING THEY HATE.

DO YOU KNOW WHAT YOU BURY DEEP, MY FRIEND?

THINGS THAT HAVE DIED.

WHO IS THIS NAMOR, THE GOOD AND NOBLE?

NO MAN I KNOW.

"SO YOU REALLY THINK THAT'S ALL THERE IS..."

...OUR UNAVOIDABLE END?

YES, T'CHALLA. THAT'S IT. ALL THAT'S LEFT...

EVERY PIECE OF MUSIC COMPOSED BY WAKANDAN VIRTUOSOS, EVERY SCIENTIFIC MARVEL CREATED INSIDE ITS GOLDEN WALLS, EVERY STORY OF EACH SON AND DAUGHTER OF THAT CITY...

GONE FOREVER.

AS IF IT NEVER WAS.

"WE WAR FOR FLEETING MOMENTS. NOTHING ELSE."

WELL, *I* AM FIGHTING FOR MORE--I STILL HAVE HOPE.

HOPE IS THE LAST REFUGE OF A DYING WARRIOR, T'CHALLA.

THERE'S NO BATTLE A WARRIOR CAN'T WIN, NAMOR.

I WISH THAT WERE SO...

WE WERE ***KINGS***, AND NOW WE ARE THIS...

"THE GRAVE... NEVER LOSES."

I SUPPOSE AT LEAST YOU CAN TAKE COMFORT IN THE FACT THAT YOU HAVE NO REGRETS.

I REGRET...

...MANY THINGS.

WE ALL DO.

IT MATTERS, NAMOR. THE POSITION WE'RE IN, AT THE VERY LEAST WE OWE EACH OTHER THE TRUTH.

THE TRUTH, YOU SAY?

HA! ONE *GLORIOUS LIE* IS WORTH A *HUNDRED* PETTY TRUTHS.

...

I'M BEGINNING TO THINK WE'RE ALL GOING TO MAKE IT OUT OF THIS ALIVE.

HA! HA!

HA! HA! HA!

HA! HA! HA!

HA! HA! HA! HA!

NAMOR.
LOOK.
WHAT IS IT, T'CHALLA? I--
MY GOD.
ARE WE LOOKING AT A *PAST* EVENT?
NO...
THE EVENT CURVES ***AWAY*** FROM US. WE'RE LOOKING AT ***THE FUTURE.***

"TWO HOURS FROM NOW."

NEW AVENGERS

Zone